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OTHELLO-TRAVESTIE :

In Three Acts.

WITH

BURLESQUE NOTES,

IN THE MANNER OF

THE MOST CELEBRATED COMMENTATORS;

AND OTHER

CURIOUS APPENDICES.

Wife, come to life ; forgive what your black lover did ;
Spit the feathers from your mouth, and munch roast beef :
Iago, he may go and be tossed in the coverlid,
'That smother'd you because you pawn'd my handkerchief.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

LONDON :

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pages were written, *currente calamo*, principally to occupy a few hours, when leisure from matters of a more serious nature, enabled the Author to indulge in a relaxation of mind, and to abstract himself from the consideration of business incessant and wearisome. It gratified a few friends, and, trusting that it may afford a few minutes' amusement to any lover of the Drama, the author humbly submits it to the perusal of the public. He will not apologize to the theatrical world for travestizing this tragedy. There is a precedent for his attempt, and indeed the arguments advanced in apology for publishing "Hamlet-Travestie" are sufficiently capable of refuting any objection which may be started by cavillers on this head. There lives not one who entertains a stronger feeling of veneration for Shakspeare than the humble individual who pens these lines; if it were needed, however, to adduce further excuses for this outrage on the feelings of black-letter literati, many can be advanced from a late number of "The Reflector" from the pen of a writer of sterling talent, and abilities, as a critic, unrivalled.

I own that my “compunctious visitings” of conscience, in the regard of the respect due to literature and our Bard, are not a little soothed by the reflection that not only a living dramatist, but a famed poet and contemporary of Swift and Pope, &c. have severally burlesqued the striking peculiarities and excellences of Shakspeare. The author of the Critic, with his “——nity,* he would have added,” and even Gay in his quarrel between Peachum and Lockit, had travestied the dying words of Hotspur, and the altercation between two no less personages than Brutus and Cassius.†

In the present rage for *Hippo-Dramas*, (unde derivatur?) and whilst the formation of theatres remains so ill-judged as it is, no play of merit can be performed to the satisfaction of a delicately accurate and discerning mind. To travestie works, therefore, which can alone be duly appreciated by private and patient perusal, cannot be deemed very culpable. The motions of the heavenly bodies have not been ridiculed into insignificance, by the poor imitation of an Orrery.

The senate scene, Othello dressed in the fashion of the 17th century, that classical “era” in the theatrical world, before a Kemble‡ taught the stage what charms

* Vide the Critic, Act iii. ; and Henry IV. Part i. Act v.

† Vide Swift's letter to Gay, 27th November 1727, in the edition of Swift's Works and Correspondence, edited by Nichols, 1803, Vol. xvii. p. 162.

‡ The engravings prefixed to the editions of Shakspeare pub

are possessed by propriety of costume, would furnish an excellent subject for the pencil of a Hogarth.

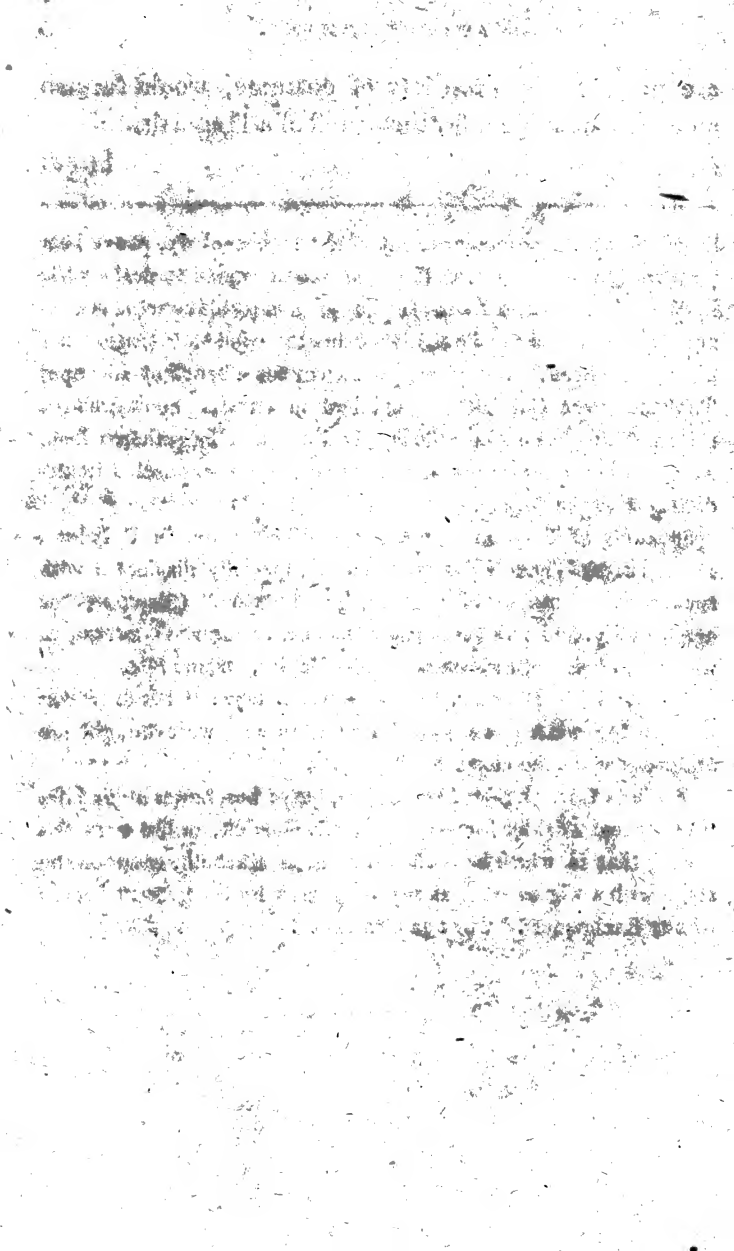
IBEF.

lished about the commencement of the 17th century, prove how powerfully the costume of the then actors tended to destroy the illusion of the scene; LEAR, for instance, in a stiff-court dress, (as are also Kent and the Fool,) beseeches the wind to "sing," not his "white head," but "wig" sufficient for a bench of bishops! That the great Garrick was indolent in effecting so desirable a reform (and what is like *reform*!) in dress, may be gathered from the following observations of writers on subjects connected immediately with the Drama.

Speaking of Stephens, an actor in Rich's time, in Polydore, DAVIES says:—The ladies were more especially displeased with such a representation of a young gay libertine" (Stephens was aged, bulky, and awkward) "dressed in a LARGE FULL-BOTTOMED wig, and, I believe, RED-stockings."—Davies, Dram. Mis.

Of Garrick's Hotspur, the same writer says: "His dress was objected to; a laced FROCK, and a RAMILIE WIG, were thought too insignificant for the character."

Again of Garrick:—"I remember," says Lee Lewes in his Life, "that great stickler for propriety, Mr. Garrick, in the scene following that in which he is chosen king, in Macbeth, came on the stage with a wig as large as any worn now by the gravest barons of our Exchequer!" Ohe! jam satis est!



OTHELLO - TRAVESTIE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — A STREET.

Enter Roderigo and Iago.

Roderigo.

COME, no palavering ;—it's mighty proper
In you who've left me not a single copper ! (a)

Iago.

Death'an'ounds, listen ; it was all unknown t'I !

Roderigo.

You said you wish'd old Nick had him !

Iago.

And do'nt I ?

SONG—Iago. (Tune: "The three jolly pigeons.")

"To make me his first aid-du-camp,
Three aldermen oft scraped and bowed to him ;
And I know I say nothing that's wrong,
I'm the best of the many that crowd to him :
Cries he, with a puff and a strut,—
"Already I've made my decision,"
And what *was* he, pray guess—nothing but
A mere teacher of sums in division !

Toll de roll, &c.

Yes!—this scraper of little-boys' slates,—
 This splitter of pens and of fractions,
 Is preferr'd to myself, curse the fates,
 Who at Rhodes and elsewhere saw such actions!
 We owe it to doings like these,
 That regiments can in disorder be;
 So while Cassio does what he may please,
 I'm his black-a-moor worship's poor Orderly!"
 Toll de roll, &c.

Iago.

Now are you easy?

Roderigo.

Why not cut your stick? (*b*)

Iago.

First let me play the chap some dev'lish trick;
 For love of him a foot I would'nt budge;
 I wish the devil had him, Heav'n's my judge!
 When what I think I say, expect soon after
 To find me dangling from some garret-rafter;—
 My heart I'll fix a mark for kicks and knocks,
 Just as the link-boys fling at shrove-tide cocks.

Roderigo.

How shall we do him?

Iago.

This way;—neither sob nor cry;—
 I'll rouse her dad.

Roderigo.

I'll screech out.

Iago.

Murder!

Roderigo.

Robbery !

DUET—*Iago and Roderigo.*

(*Tune : “ Dear Kathleen, you no doubt.”*)

“ Brabantio, you no doubt
Find sleep is most composing ;
But very soon you’ll find out
You’re wrong in always dozing.

Brabantio !

Awake ! what ho !

Arouse, and up your servants rap !

Your daughter’s fobb’d !

Your house is robb’d !

(*Brabantio comes to the window.*)

Good morrow to your night-cap !”

Brabantio.

You drunken blackguards, dare you thus be breaking
The solemn snore a senator is taking ?

Duet resumed.

“ You’ll have a beauteous son-in-law,—

A dusky-skin’d Adonis ;

Your grand-sons shall discreetly paw,

And neigh your nephew-ponies:

This very night,

An anti-white

Your only daughter’s chanc’d t’entrap—

Nor waits to say,

At break of day,

Good morrow to your night-cap !”

Brabantio.

God help you both, if you have told a lie. (*retires.*)

Iago, to Roderigo.

Answer him, you, I'd better not be by ;

Conduct him to the sagittary. [*Exit.*

Roderigo, looking after him.

Shy !

Brabantio returns.

Brabantio.

Too true it is to put it in a ballad.

You saw her ?

Roderigo.

Aye.

Brabantio.

And what you've said is —

Roderigo.

Valid.

Brabantio.

Lost, then, my daughter is, and lost my riches !

Tis dark—how shall I find ——

Roderigo.

Find what ?

Brabantio..

My breeches. (c)

Roderigo.

Come, tumble out ; I'll not stay here all night.

Enter Brabantio and Servants.

Brabantio.

Watch !—

Roderigo.

Watch !

Brabantio.

The damn'd *black* thief,—

Roderigo.

We'll bring to *light*.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — ANOTHER STREET.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants.

Iago.

In a good row, its fair enough to mill him ;
But 'tis not proper unawares to kill him.

Othello.

All's right and tight.

Iago.

But if you'd heard him call [mawl :

You "*Snow-ball*" and "*Whey-face*," 'faith his nose you'd
But is the job done well? if not, he'll force you
To pay the parish, or, perhaps, divorce you !

Othello.

He to the d-v-l !—parish !—I defy him ;
The Aldermen respect me ;—let him try 'em :
One of the Sheriffs is my near relation.
But, by the lord, I wou'd'nt change my station,
So to be pestered with a giggling wife,
But that I love the hussey, 'pon my life !

Iago.

Stop ! here's her father, and the watch, my lord !

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, with Officers. They draw on both sides.

Othello, to Brabantio.

Produce your warrant, and put up your sword.

Brabantio.

O you black thief ! where have you hid my daughter ?
 Damn'd as thou art, to whose house have you brought her ?
 Where are your love-powders ? how dare you use 'em
 To coax my Desdy to your sooty bosom !
 Floor him, you dogs ! [*to Officers.*]

Othello.

By Heav'n, you'd better not !

'Tis n't a wrong sow by the ear you've got.

Brabantio.

Before the Duke the smutty villain drag !

Othello, to Brabantio.

The Duke has sent for you yourself, you gag !

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.—A COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

(*The Duke and Senators sitting in Council.*)

Enter Brabantio in his night-cap, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and Officers.

Duke, to Othello.

So, Gen'ral, here's a precious piece of work !
 We're to b'invaded by this gallows-Turk !
 Against him you must lead an expedition :
 Odds' bobbs, what makes you in that queer condition ?

[*to Brabantio.*]

Brabantio.

Don't take it, Duke, into your sapient noddle,
The gen'ral good has made me hither waddle ;—
My daughter, oh ! my daughter !

Duke.

What's amiss?

First Senator.

Is she sick ?

Second Senator.

Dying?

Third Senator.

Dead?

Fourth Senator.

Ruin'd ?

Brabantio.

Yes !

To this black devil do I owe my thanks,
Who, with some cursed drugs of mountebanks,
(How else ?) the ugly thief, has from me stole her !

Duke, to Othello.

What can you say ? 'gad's 'buds', you've rais'd my choler !

SONG—*Othello.* (Tune : " Bow, wow, wow," or, " Date
Obolum.")

Your worships, wise and wonderful, this rum old codger's
daughter [brought her ;
'Tis true I've spliced ; but 'pon my oath, to shame I hav'nt
And as I can't palaver you, or garnish words with mummery,
I'll tell the truth, avoiding ev'ry kind of gag and flummery.

Bow, wow, wow.

To take pot-luck I often by her father was invited,—
 My “parentage” and “education” always I recited; [story,
 From the moment when I first was breech’d, he made me tell my
 To the instant when his claret I was swigging in my glory.

Bow, wow, wow.

I told him how I hanging miss’d, and yet was saved from drowning,
 And quizz’d him ’bout my other’sapes, until I set him frowning;
 How often I was press’d, releas’d, so well I then could wheedle;
 How the “d-v-l’s punch-bowl” I had seen, and Cleopatra’s needle!

Bow, wow, wow.

How collieries at Newcastle I’d seen, and did’nt falter;
 A donkey-race at Brighton, and the rock of Gibraltar;
 Of folks who griskens made of one another, chops, and rashers;
 Of gem’men wearing heads like *chapeau-bras*, and such like
 dashers!

Bow, wow, wow.

At hearing this, how Desdemona’s wond’ring eyes would glisten!
 And soon as she’d lock’d up the tea-things, back she’d come to
 listen;

Which I perceiving, ran it o’er, without her once replying,
 And so mov’d her, that by pail-fulls, by the pow’rs, she was
 crying!

Bow, wow, wow.

She blew her nose, and sigh’d,—and then my story I’d renew
 again;

[blew again:

She said “’twas Moll and Colly,” sigh’d, and then her nose she
 And sobb’d out—“’Pon my life, my lad, your manner’s so trans-
 porting,

[a courting.”

“Any friend of your’s who brings your tongue, may come to me

Bow, wow, wow.

Unto a horse that’s blind, they say, a nod is quite sufficient;
 And soon I prov’d that than my eye my tongue was more deficient:
 Whatever now, your worships say, I’m willing quite to bow to it;
 And here’s herself!—If false I’ve spoke, let her shew the *where*
 and *how* to it.

Bow, wow, wow.

Enter Desdemona, &c.

Duke.

I think, this tale would win my daughter too.

Brabantio.

I'll bet a dollar he's not told you true.

Come here, you slut; don't you know *white* from *black*?

Desdemona.

You bought respect from me by many a whack;
But as mama loved you before her grand-father,
So do I better love than you, my husband, father.

Brabantio.

I'm answer'd: henceforth be this truism known:
Better get others' children than your own.

Duke.

That's clinch'd: and now, my boy, to go be ready.

(To Othello.)

Othello.

'Please you, a house, and servants for my lady.

Duke.

With all my heart:—her father's house is nigh.

Brabantio.

Damme if she goes *there*.

Desdemona.

Not I.

Othello.

Nor I.

SONG—*Desdemona.**(Tune: The Black Joke.)*

“Alas, mighty Duke, will you thus let him go?
 What comfort shall I from my wedding e’er know,
 If he courts me to leave me, and marries to fight!
 Tho’ he’s black in the muzzle, I know his heart’s fair:
 A pleasanter husband lives not, I declare;
 And if thus, from his Desdy, he flies in an hour,
 Like a moth, my poor wedding-clothes I may devour:
 If you sail off without me, you’ll kill me outright!”
(To Othello.)

Othello.

Pray let her have her way, ye wags in ermine!

Duke.

Be it as you shall privately determine.

Brabantio, to Othello.

Think you a mighty precious piece of luck hold you?
 Upon my soul I think and hope she’ll cuckold you.

*[Exeunt Duke and Senators.]**Othello, to Iago.*

Follow me with my Desdy, good Iago.
 As to your wife, along with her she may go.

*[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.]**Roderigo, to Iago.*

I’ll go and quench my passion in the river!

Iago.

From such an ass, good heav’n, me soon deliver!
 Would you enjoy her, lad, smile, laugh, look funny:
 And in your purse, you happy dog, put money.

Roderigo.

Damme, I'll sell and mortgage ev'ry acre. [*Exit Roderigo.*

SONG—*Iago.*

I hav'nt left a shiner in that booby's purse,
Fol de rol de rol de ri.

And now I'll think of doing something worse,
Fol de rol de rol de ri.

It's rumoured that the Moor has cornuted me,—
Whack fol de rol.

And now to make the Moor the cuckoldee,
Fol de rol de ri.

A handsome man is Cassio ; if in disgrace,
Fol dê rol de ri.

By cuckolding the Moor, I'll get his place,
Fol de rol de ri.

The Moor can be led by the nose like an ass ;
Whack fol de rol.

The next Act shall bring what I've thought on to pass.
Tol de rol de ri.

Exit.

End of the First Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—THE CAPITAL OF CYPRUS.

Cassio, &c. meeting Desdemona, Æmilia, and Iago and Roderigo.

Cassio, to Desdemona.

These gents and I, ma'am, are in duty bound t'ye;
Good luck t'ye before, behind, around ye.

Desdemona.

I thank you much; but tell me, where's my rib?

Cassio.

It blew so hard, his hoy has lost a jib.

I'll kiss Iago's wife, to shew my breeding. (*Kisses Æmilia.*)

Iago.

And welcome.

Æmilia.

At such things you'd ne'er be heeding.

(*Drums, trumpets, &c.*)

Here comes the General!

Desdemona.

The darling fellow!

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Othello, to Desdemona.

● my fair warrior!

Desdemona.

O my *black* Othello ! (*They kiss.*)

SONG—*Othello.* (*Tune : "Love's young dream," from
"Irish Melodies," No. 4.*)

" Oh, if joys like these I'd ever know,

The storm once past,—

Olympus-high tho' ships would go,

Who'd feel down-cast ?

Tho' drear the sky,

Blow low, blow high,

I'd scorn the tempest's whack,

To know the bliss

Of Desdy's kiss,

And each dear smack,—

The sweets to sip

From Desdy's lip,

Again come back !"

Othello.

Let these our greatest discords be, I beg. (*kissing Desdemona.*)

Iago, (aside.)

Tho' you're well tuned, I'll let you down a peg.

Othello.

Fine fun, my boys ! we've peace : the Turks are drown'd !

Honey, you're welcome, (*to Desdemona :*) lads, shake hands
all round ;

Look sharp, Iago, to my saddle-bags :

Come, Desdemona, sweet : God bless you, wags.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

Iago.

Rod'rigo, if you'll aid me in new tricking,

You're a made man :—do you dislike a kicking ?

Roderigo.

If the time suits, and proper opportunity.

Iago.

Provok'd, a man may kick you with impunity.

I've glorious news for you.

Roderigo.

A kicking?

Iago.

Whisper—

Cassio's adored by your beloved lisper !

Roderigo.

Love him, and laugh at me !—why, man, you're raving !

Iago.

Is shaking hands with him correct-behaving ?

Roderigo.

Merely good manners.

Iago.

Ah, I say, all's one :

Shaking of hands ends always in crim-con :

Cassio's so passionate, that if you tell him

He does not know his right from's left, you'll swell him.

Haply he'll kick you.

Roderigo.

Well?

Iago.

There's then a dust :

He'll be cashier'd, and there succeed you must.

Pluck up your spirits ; be alive, you dog :

Ere you arrive, I'll doctor him with grog.

[*Excunt.*

SCENE II.

THE GUARD-ROOM BEFORE THE CASTLE.

Enter Othello, Cassio, &c.

Othello.

Mind the guard, Mick ; be taught that proper stop,
On duty, ne'er to take too much a drop.

Cassio.

I'll mind my eye.

Othello.

Good night.

Cassio.

Un bon repos.

[*Exit Othello and Attendants.*]

Enter Iago

Welcome, Iago,—come to'th' guard-house.

Iago.

No.

The Gen'ral knows things too well to sit up ;
So let's of flip, my hearty, take a stoop.
'Faith, than the General better off is no man ;
She's pretty !

Cassio.

Faith, a devilish fine woman.

Iago.

Come, come ; some wags would toast the Black Othello.

Cassio.

I've crack'd one bottle, and I'm more than mellow ;
Instead of toping, would 'twere quite the go,
Some game to play at ; rackets,—cribbage,—loto.

Iago.

But on a night like this, how to refuse 'em ?
The gallants wish for it.

Cassio.

Here goes to booze 'em. [*Exit.*

SONG—*Iago.*

(*Tune, My spirits are mounting, my heart's full of glee!*)

All's right, if I only can bung that chap's eye;

Fol de rol.

He's so snarlish, we'll have a fine dust by an' bye ;

Fol de rol.

Half the guard have already swill'd many a swig,

And Rod'rigo's as drunk as a distiller's pig !

Fol de rol.

Enter Cassio, Montano, Leonardo, and others.

Cassio.

'Fore George, they've nearly corn'd me.

Iago.

Waiter !—ho !

Bring nips of gin for four.

Montano.

Bring me a go.

SONG—*Iago.* (*Tune: "Willy was a wanton wag."*)

"Come, my boys, and jingle glasses ;

Bumpers upon bumpers fill ;

Groggy get, or 'faith you're asses ;

Magnums upon magnums fill."

Iago.

In toping England Europe gives a thumper.

Cassio.

Here goes our noble General in a bumper. (*They drink.*)

Montano.

Three times.

All.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

Montano.

Hip ! hip !

Cassio, to Iago.

Another bleat, my jolly fellow, tip.

SONG—*Iago.*

(*Tune : "Heigh-ho, my jockey !" or "Drink to her."*)

Have you heard the tale
Of good king Andrew's pranks,
Who swill'd the Hermit's all,
And laugh'd at him, as thanks ?
His pantaloons were thick,
He spansell'd mov'd along ;
He flung them o'er his stick,
And troll'd his merry song.

Tol de rol de rol.

Iago.

Waiter ! more gin !

Cassio.

Why this song flogs the first !

Iago.

Do you encore it ?

Cassio.

No—he's bad—he's worst,
 Who likes da-capos!—if he's well-behaved,
 A corp'ral 'fore his captain won't be saved.
 None o' your quizzing—come, lads,—let's to business,—
 This is my nose—(*holding it*) no winks—I feel no dizziness.
 Mercy upon us!—do'nt keep running round me;
 If any of you say I'm drunk, confound ye. [*Exit.*

Iago.

With him might Cæsar's self his bravery barter;

Montano.

But then to drink—

Iago.

Alas, he's quite a martyr!

Enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Roderigo, to Cassio.

You beat me? that for you! (*snaps his fingers;*) your hide I'll
 whack—

Cassio.

By heaven I'll break this bamboo on your back,
 You rascal!

Iago, to Roderigo.

Quick—"a mutiny" strait cry. [*Exit Roderigo.*

Montano, holding Cassio.

Death'an'ounds, stop—

Iago.

Aye, do.

Montano.

You're drunk!

Cassio.

You lie.

[*Cassio and Montano box.*

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Othello.

Hollo ! what's this ?

Montano.

Upon my soul I'm bleeding !

Iago.

Gentlemen ! stop ! you'd best my words be heeding—

Cassio—be quiet,—do—that's a gay fellow ;

O blood and guts ! see here's himself ! Othello !

Othello.

Why what the devil makes this precious brawling ?

As if a thousand cats were catta-wawling !

Are we turn'd Turks, that each with t'other fights,

As if the worser half were Ottomites ?

Lay down your sticks—and stop that dust-man's bell—

You've made the Citadel a little hell !

Iago.

Devil mend Cassio—men should act well, preach less.

Othello, to Cassio.

Whatails you, Mick ?

Cassio, hiccuping.

Oh, ask about—I'm speechless. (*d*)

Othello, to Montano.

Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil,—

'Zounds what has made you thus so play the d-v-l ?

Montano.

I scarce can bob a word, so bad's my case, sir:
I only fibb'd him hard for ev'ry facer.

Othello.

I'm waxing angry!—budge not, on your peril!
Say—who began this?—speak—and never fear ill.
Tho' he's my own twin-brother that did do it,
I'll make the sooty scoundrel sorely rue it.
Such dusts to kick up in a town of war!
Iago—tell at once—you'd better, far:
Speak up, and audibly—though, by my oath,
You seem as frightened out of a year's growth.

Montano, to Iago.

If you speak false, in toast I'll never brimmer you.

Iago.

I would'nt tell a lie for either him or you.

SONG—Iago.

(Tune: “The night before Larry was stretched.”)

Montano and I b'ing in chat,
A lad runs in bawling, “he'll kill me!”
Then Cassio roars, blind as a bat,
“By the powers, my jockey, I'll mill ye;”—
Montano says “put down your stick,”
While I was French-leave quickly taking,
The other chap wishing to lick,
Lest yourself and your wife he'd be 'waking.

Tol lol de rol de rol.

But the fellow ran faster than I,
So, tho' tired and quite out of breath,

Back I came, and 'twas well I was bye,
 Or, egad, I'd been in at the death !
 By th' powers, I ne'er saw such a sight !
 Montano was knock'd in a stupor ;
 And Cassio, the quickest in fight,
 Rapping oaths out as big as a trooper !

Tol lol de rol de rol.

'This is all that I know of the matter,—
 But remember each man was a sot :
 Tho' Cassio caused such a curs'd clatter,
 I'll be bail, he a kicking first got ;
 For this I can safely say for him,
 Tho' it cost me a stretch of my throttle,
 Not a justice of peace or the quorum
 Swears less, or loves better a bottle."

Fol lol de rol de rol.

Othello, to Iago.

"*I owe you one :*"—Muzz'd Mick, this moment set off !—

[*To Cassio.*]

Cassio.

So !—tho' *discharged*, I can't, it seems, be *let off* !

Iago, to Cassio.

Sure as a *gun*, since best men thus attack'd are,
 We'll splice the smash. (e)

Cassio.

Who'll splice my smash'd (f) carakter ? (g)

Enter Desdemona, with chamber-lights and chamber-maids.

Othello.

My duck!—my Desdy!—‘sblood! you well may weep,
Thus to be bother’d out of your first sleep! (*h*)

[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.]

Iago, to Cassio.

Fretting wo’nt do, tho’ set your eyes on sticks:—(*i*)
Shew pluck!

Cassio.

Curse gin!

Iago.

He’ll yet forgive you.

Cassio.

Vix.

[Exeunt omnes.]

End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

Enter Desdemona and Æmilia, with Cassio.

Desdemona.

Indeed, good Cassio, you've no cause to fret ;
In office, 'pon my honor, you'll be yet.

Cassio.

Aye, ma'am ;—but out of sight is out of mind :
“ Eaten bread's soon forgot ” you'll always find.

Desdemona.

If of his cruelty he don't repent him,
Leave me alone to worrit and torment him.
Unless he pardons you for what's amiss,
His Desdy never more the rogue shall kiss.

Æmilia.

Ma'am, here's the General.

Cassio.

I'll cut my stick.

Desdemona.

Oh, stop !

Cassio.

I can't ; I'm suddenly ta'en sick.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Desdemona.

Do as you like. (*to Cassio, who goes.*)

Iago whistles.

Othello.

Why, what's that?

Iago.

Nothing ;—a trick I have :—(I smell a rat !) [*aside.*

Desdemona.

My duck !—

Othello.

Well, darling !—

Desdemona.

Poor lieutenant Cassio,

Who'd die for you, or never honest face I know,—

Take him again !

Othello.

Not now,—

Desdemona.

But soon ?

Othello.

I doubt.

Desdemona.

Ask him to dine to-morrow ?

Othello.

I dine out.

SONG—*Desdemona.* (*Tune: "O ponder well!"*)

" Oh, think how oft poor Cassio came
With you to me a-suing !

He blew the bellows to the flame,
Which you had lit by wooing !”

Othello.

I can't refuse her !

Desdemona.

Shall he come, then ?

Othello.

Yes :

Now have the goodness to get out of this.

Desdemona.

Be what you will, I'll ever be your humble.

[*Excunt Desdemona and Æmilia,*

Othello.

The coaxing rogue !—Old Chaos first must crumble
To smithereens (k) the world, when I don't love her !

Iago.

Did you to Mick, my lord, your match discover ?

Othello.

Aye, all along.

Iago.

'Gads 'buds !

Othello.

What ?

Iago.

Who'd have thought it !

Othello.

He fee'd the Parson.

Iago.

He ?

Othello.

The ring, *he* bought it.

Iago.

Bought it!

Othello.

Aye! Cassio!

Iago.

Cassio!

Othello.

Cassio:—'Zounds!

Some cursed fiend your noddle sure confounds!

Awhile ago, when Mick retired dismissal'd,

You cried, "I smell a rat,"—look'd grave, and whistled!

When to a point our match, I said, he bought it,

And gave the ring,—you echoed me, "*he* bought it!"

Speak out!

Iago.

You know, my lord, I ne'er deceiv'd you:—

Othello.

I hope so, for I ever have believ'd you.

You think before you speak:—your frowns are hideous:

Explain.

Iago.

I'll nothing say that seems invidious;

I'll speak to my belief:—Mick's mind is tolerable:

Othello.

Why, that's my sentiment.

Iago.

I think, at ball or table

He's fair enough.

Othello.

Enough? Oh, blood, be candid!

Say what you think!

Iago.

My lord, that never man did.

Othello.

So, tho' you'd know me quizz'd, you'd never blab it?

Iago.

Be easy: speaking out's a curs'd bad habit.

SONG—*Iago.* (*Tune: "Lillibullero."*)

"Our soul's dearest jewel, my lord, is good name,—

Millions of money compared to it's trash:

The pick-pocket almost is void of all blame,

Who steals from me time-serving ev'ry man's cash:—

'Tis his, 'twas mine,

'Twill yet be thine;

'Tis common as charity-change in a church;—

But my character robb'd!—

Tho' but little is fobb'd

For the libelling foot-pad, I'm left in the lurch!"

Othello.

Ha!—

SONG—*Iago.* (*Tune: "Which way shall I turn me?"*)

"O shun, dearest sir, being jealous, I pray!—

The curs'd green-ey'd monster, nought fellows, I say:—

Tho' we cuckolded be,

'Tis a pleasure to see,—

But cornuted to love,—is the devil to pay !
 Doating, and doubting, yet still loving on,
 Is the *quicquid post oscula* sweet of crim-con !”

Othello.

Why, do you think I'd leave a life delicious,
 And not a moment know, but one suspicious ?
 I'll not be jealous, tho' my wife loves clack, (l)
 Sings a good song, and married me, tho' black :—
 No :—first the crim-con. truth I must discover,
 And then, or jealousy or love is over !

Iago.

I wish you joy :—at words no more I'll stickle :
 I'm either blind, or, with Mick, Desdy's fickle.
 The worst I've seen not, yet I'll not dispute it,
 That if you don't look sharp, you'll be cornuted.

Othello.

Damnation !

Iago.

She, that could so hoax her father,
 He thought she was bewitched !

Othello.

'Twas roguery rather.

I'm much obliged to you.

Iago.

You're vex'd !

Othello.

Vex'd !—pooh !

Yet I can't think but—Desdemona's true !

Iago.

Long life to her, and long live you to think so !

Othello.

But then so clear-sighted a man to blink so !

Iago.

Besides, when handsome whites she from her chaced,
And married you, she shew'd a damn'd odd taste !

Othello.

Right.—Pray, look sharp :—and now, farewell—good b'ye.

Iago.

Don't forgive Cassio yet : 'twill Desdy try ;
If she seems anxious—

Othello.

Good :—I'll mind my eye. [*Exit Iago.*]

If what he says be true, tho' breaks my heart,

Desdy, my darling, you and I must part :

Oh, better far to serve with stones a pavior,

Than to be tortured by your wife's behaviour ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. — ANOTHER ROOM.

Enter Iago.

Iago.

At last I've got it :—Desdy's such a fool,
She walks abroad without a ridicule :
And 'faith she'll find it sorely to her cost,
That this same handkerchief she's ever lost.

Enter Othello.

Iago.

Good evening !

Othello.

False!

Iago.

Pooh, pooh!

Othello.

Get out of this!

Tho' that her lovely lips did Cassio kiss,
So that I'd known it not, I'd shed no tear,
Nor grudged her smiles to ev'ry pioneer.

SONG—*Othello.* (*Tune: "Sally in our Alley."*)

O now farewell, my tranquil mind!
Farewell, content, for ever!
In gay reviews no joys I'll find,—
A field-day I'll see never!
The neighing steed!—the thrilling fife!
The trump, the drum tattooing!
No bliss, can give, Othello's life,
Since Desdy's foul misdoing!
In vain afar shall nobly spread
The colours proudly waving:
The feu-de-joie shall wake the dead,
Ere my poor sight be braving:—
Farewell the great artill'ry's roar,
Farewell the gen'ral's ration,—
Since now, alas, for ever's o'er
Othello's occupation!

Iago.

You're quizzing!

Othello.

(*Throttling him.*) Villain ! guilty prove my wife,
All alibis away, or gone's your life !

Iago.

The devil mend me for my b'ing so foolish !
Good morning, sir, since you have got so mulish.

Othello.

Stop : I can scarce believe you'd tell me wrong !

Iago.

I only know I'll henceforth hold my tongue.

Othello.

Prove but the fact, and set my mind at quiet.

Iago.

I can't, nor wont, you've kick'd up such a riot !
Desdy and Mick ere this have sown " wild oats,"
They're not as bad as monkies yet, or goats.
If any proof, but letting you quite see it ;
The fact, I mean, I'll prove it : eh ?

Othello.

So be it.

SONG—Iago. (*Tune : " When pensive I thought."*)

" Last night I heard Mick in his bed
Cry out, and it troubled me much ;
Even more than the pain in my head,
Or of tooth-aitche (*m*) a horrible touch :—
' Oh, Desdy ! my duck ! my delight !
' Tho' fondly you love me, alack,
Oh, how could you jilt your poor white,
And marry that ill-looking black !' "

Othello.

Thunder and turf!—

Iago.

But this was in his sleep.

Othello.

I'll blow his brains out!

Iago.

Pray your temper keep;

A family-handkerchief you gave your wife?

Othello.

I did.

Iago.

Then Cassio's got it, by my life!

He wiped his whiskers with it this day shaving!

If Desdy gave't, was it correct behaving?

Othello.

Oh that of lives for cats he had a million,

That I might pound and pulverize the villain!

Iago.

But is this evidence?—you're in a fury!

Othello.

Oh, its enough for any special jury!

Iago.

Have patience.

Othello.

Never:—no, by all the powers!

I here swear vengeance! (*kneels.*)

Iago.

I swear this hand's yours.

Othello.

Kill Cassio, then, before three days go by.

Iago.

He's dead: you needn't let poor Desdy die!

Othello.

Curse her, we'll take her off by some expedient.

Now *you're* my aid-du-camp!

Iago.

Your most obedient. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — A ROOM.

Enter Desdemona, and Emilia.

Desdemona.

That figur'd 'kerchief, with the border round it,
Where did I drop it?

Emilia.

I don't know.

Desdemona.

Confound it,—

It's well for me my husband isn't jealous,
Or what a handkerchief is worth he'd tell us.

Emilia.

He's here.

Enter Othello.

Othello.

So, ma'am ;—(a damn'd bad face for quizzing!)
Tip me your paw : as hot as love it's fizzing!

Desdemona.

Pooh, nonsense ;—come, forgiveness don't deny
To Mick.

Othello.

Damnation !

Desdemona.

What ?

Othello.

A busy fly

Has stung my pupil.

Desdemona.

Me ?

Othello.

No—stung my eye.

Give me your handkerchief.

Desdemona.

I can't :—

Othello.

Where is it ?

Desdemona.

I think I've left it where I paid a visit.

SONG—*Othello.* (Tune: “*Amoret and Philida.*”

“ That handkerchief, a fortune-teller
To my mother gave ;
She said, 'twould make my dad do well, or
Misbehave :—
If safe 'twas kept, he'd stay at home,
And make her his heart's pearl :—
If lost or giv'n, abroad he'd roam,
And kiss each girl.

She dying said, "you'll have a wife ;—
 To her this 'kerchief give ;"
 So, Desdy, guard it like your life,
 Or dread to live :
 A Sybil 'twas that spun it ;—
 So in vain you'll try to hum me ;
 There's a strawberry mark'd upon it ;
 'Twas dyed in mummy !"

Desdemona.

You're serious ?

Othello.

Aye.

Desdemona.

I'm sorry for its loss.

Othello.

The handkerchief ?

Desdemona.

There now, you're getting cross.

Othello.

Is't gone ?

Desdemona.

And what, suppose it even was ?

Come, come ; forgive poor Cassio ; you must, poz.

Othello.

The handkerchief !

Desdemona.

How !

Othello.

Get along and fetch it.

Desdemona.

You look so angry, 'faith you make me wretched—
Come, send for Mick.

Othello.

Damn Mick.

Desdemona.

Ah, don't, I pray.

Othello.

Go get the handkerchief!

Desdemona.

Poor Mick!

Othello.

Away!

[*Exit.*

Desdemona.

Out of their skins his wits have surely ran!

Æmilia.

'Tisn't a year or two shews us a man!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A ROOM.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Othello.

A dose of arsenic in her tea I'll put!

Iago.

No :—in her sofa-bed the hussey shut, (n)

Othello.

You're right. I'll bolster up the crim.-con. strumpet.

Iago.

And I'll mind Cassio.

Othello.

Aye,—but mind that trumpet!

(Trumpet without.)

Enter Desdemona and Ludovico.

Desdemona.

Here's Ludovico.

Othello.

Sir, I'm glad to meet you.

Ludovico.

The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

(gives a letter, twisted.)

Othello.

Their great despatch I dutifully kiss.

Ludovico, to Desdemona.

How's Cassio, ma'am?

Desdemona.

Indeed some thing's amiss

'Twix't my good lord and him: you'll make it up.

Othello.

Indeed! *(reads)* “Come post, and you'll be home to sup.” *(o)*

Desdemona.

My lord?

Ludovico.

Oh, ma'am, don't mind him; he's amazed

That Mick succeeds him here.

Desdemona.

The Lord be praised.

Othello.

You're glad of it?

Desdemona.

Why not?

Othello, (pushing her.)

The devil burn you!

Ludovico.

O fie!—pray call her back again.

Othello.

Return, you!—

Ludovico, (aside) to Iago.

O fie! to give his lady such a push,

And not to *change* his colour!

Iago.

No—nor *blush*!

Othello.

Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,

And weep :—to bed !—I'll come to you anon :

Sir, I'll pack up :—that's right ;—don't stop your crying !

Sir, you'll see presently Blue Peter flying.

I'll strait resign. Go ;—hire me mules and donkies !

We sup at ten :—you're welcome :—goats and monkies !

[*Exit.*

Ludovico, to Iago.

'Zooks ! in the 'Gen'ral I've been much mistaken !

Perhaps the letter did his rage awaken !—

What !—is he always thus,—his wife so loathing ?

Iago, (after a pause.)

Sir, if you follow, you'll know all for nothing.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—THE STREET.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Iago.

Here, watch for him behind this cobbler's bulk;
Shew pluck.

Roderigo.

Don't fear: I'll batter well his hulk. (*retires.*)

Iago.

Now, whether he kills Mick, or Mick kills him,
'Twill serve to put me in some proper trim.
A bill of mine's to him this day protested,
And, if he lives, I'll surely be arrested:
If Mick survives, my roguery he'll discover,
And then, with my promotion, all is over.
Ah! here he comes! (*Hides.*)

Enter Cassio.

Roderigo, (striking him.)

Your money, or you're dead!

Cassio.

But for my good bang-up the truth you'd said:
Take that! (*knocks him down.*)

Roderigo.

Hollo!—I'm picking up a rainbow!

Cassio, (struck by Iago across the shins.)

Murder! watch! watch!

Roderigo.

Oh, never will this pain go !

Enter Iago, with a lanthorn.

Iago.

What's all the fun, that you so loudly cry ?

Roderigo.

I'm kilt !

Cassio.

The fellow's wing'd, and cannot fly !—

Enter the Watch.

Iago.

Watch, gag that rascal, there. (*to Roderigo.*)

Roderigo.

Oh, damn'd Iago !—

Cassio.

Good folks, oh, for a pottecary pray go !

Enter Ludovico and Gratiano.

Iago.

Here's the Lieutenant floored !

Cassio.

I've cut my shin.

Iago.

Bring to the watch-house him. (*to Roderigo, who is taken off.*)

Cassio.

And help me in.

(Gratiano and Ludovico lead him in.)

Iago.

So,—*that's* your sort!—they well may laugh who win!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE LAST.—A BEDCHAMBER.

Desdemona asleep, in a sofa-bed, the lid of which is hung with drapery, and can be shut down. Moon-light :—the sea seen through the window, (open.)

Enter Othello, (in a white night-gown,) with a wax-taper. (p)

SONG—*Othello.*

(Tune : “ The Priest of the Parish.”)

“ ’Tis the cause,—’tis the cause!—it had best not be named,
Lest it shock your chaste ears, oh, you delicate stars !
Yet I’ll put by my sabre,—’twould surely be shamed
Should it spoil alabaster with pitiless scars !
The light I’ll extinguish,—her doings so sinister
Can’t but *undo* many more of us men ;
And who cares if “put out” is this vile “flaming minister,”
Sure he’ll be puff’d into notice again !

But oh ! if I snuff out the bloom of thy beauty,
Thou cunningest sample of nature's best art,—
What living Prometheus will here do his duty,
And light from his tinder-box kindly impart ?
When pluck'd is a rose, ah, too quickly 'twill wither,
Nor fragrance dispense from its desolate tree,—
So my Desdy, since soon you must fly from me thither
(*points up.*)

One kiss, short and sweet, I'll steal softly from thee !”

(*Othello gives her a smack : she wakes.*)
Desdemona.

Hollo ! who's there ?

Othello.

You'd better say your prayers.

Desdemona.

I did.

Othello.

I wouldn't kill you unawares :
If you've forgotten any peccadillo,
Beg pardon.

Desdemona.

Why ?

Othello.

Because you strait I'll kill.

Desdemona.

Oh !

Lord bless us, sure you must be only joking ?

Othello.

O yes !—you'll not say that when you are choaking.

Desdemona.

And yet I'm frighten'd, since you look so dark !

Othello.

The handkerchief that had the strawberry mark,
You gave to Mick.

Desdemona.

I vow to Heav'n you're raving!

Othello.

Pooh, pooh!—Iago saw him with it, shaving.

Desdemona.

He must have stole it then,—I gave it not.

Othello.

Oh, he's confessed, from him my horns I've got.

Desdemona.

Horns! I defy you!—'tis a lie he's said.

Ask him before me!

Othello.

Pooh, the fellow's dead!

Desdemona.

Oh, the poor devil!

Othello.

So, you're even crying!

Come, I can't wait :—lie down—prepare for dying.

Desdemona.

Till morning?

Othello.

No.

Desdemona.

Five minutes let me linger!

Othello.

Keep in your fist, or faith I'll hurt your finger!

Lie down!

Desdemona.

I won't.

Othello.

You won't do what you're bid?

Desdemona.

Bye—

Othello.

Die! I must—

Desdemona.

Must what?

Othello.

Shut down the lid.

(*Shuts down the lid on her. Melos “I’ve lock’d up all my treasure.”*) *Raps at the door.*

SONG—*Othello.*

(*Tune: “In hurry, post hence, for a license.”*)

“What devil’s that, keeps such a knocking?

’Sblood, how shall I get out of this!

Such a queer tête-à-tête is quite shocking,—

Well I’m paid for my doing a-miss!

Odds life!

I’ve dish’d my poor wife!

My wife! lord! I’ve got no such thing!

Oh, well is he

Plagued not with jealousy,

Not, like me, just a-going to swing!”

Othello.

Who’s there, I say?

Æmilia, (without.)

It's I.

Othello.

And who is I?

Æmilia.

Open the door.

Othello.

I'll let you in by an' bye.

The chest, for fear of accidents, I'll lock.

Æmilia.

Hollo!—

Othello, (letting her in.)

What devil's made you so to knock?—

Æmilia.

Cassio's kill'd Rod'rigo.

Othello.

Mick kill'd?—

Æmilia.

No—no—

Othello.

There's been a curs'd mistake, then, 'faith—

Desdemona, (rapping inside the bed.)

Oh! oh!

Æmilia.

My mistress! how—lock'd up? oh how,—oh tell!

Desdemona.

Nobody—I, I turned the key—farewell.

(*dies.*)

Othello.

That's rather odd.

Æmilia.

Who caused this precious blunder?

Othello.

Who knows?

Æmilia.

She turn'd the key?

Othello.

'Faith that's a wonder!

'Twas *I* that lock'd her up!

Æmilia.

You big black devil!

Othello.

Because with Cassio did the wretch behave ill.

Æmilia.

"Upon my soul a lie!"

Othello.

Well, ask Iago.

He told me.

Æmilia.

To Old Nick I hope he may go.

She was too fond of you, you ugly fright!

That for you!—Murder! robb'ry—watch! light! light!

Enter Gratiano, Iago, and Ludovico.

Æmilia.

That fellow's kill'd his wife!—and says that you *(to Iago.)*

Told him she play'd crim.-con.—it isn't true?

Iago.

'Tis true,—with Cassio—

Æmilia.

O you perjur'd wretch!—

Othello.

Oh! oh!— *(flinging himself on the bed.)*

Æmilia.

Oh, that shan't be your latest stretch !

(*to Othello.*)

Othello.

Didn't she give my best *mouchoir* to Mick ?

Æmilia.

That handkerchief I happen'd up to pick, -

And gave it to Iago, who was ever

Coaxing me that, to steal it, I'd endeavour :—

Little I thought that I'd have caus'd such killing !

Othello.

Here goes to rob the hangman of a shilling !

(*draws, and is disarmed.*)

Iago, (knocking down Æmilia.)

Before you hang me, ma'am, I'll take your life ! (*runs off.*)

Gratiano.

The villain's first kill'd yours, and next his wife ! (*to Othello.*)

Ludovico.

Bolt *you* the door upon that black assassin—

I'll after *him* :—now, mind, you let none pass in. (*Exeunt.*)

Othello, (alone.)

There ought to be a weapon hereabout :—

(*goes and gets a blunderbuss.*)

Open the door !

Gratiano, (without.)

You're dead, if you come out :

I've got your sword :—you'll thro' and thro' be thrust !—

Othello.

Well, then, come in, or out the door I'll burst.

Enter Gratiano.

Othello, (producing a blunderbuss.)

See here ! I have a gun !—I've seen the day,

When this has scar'd e'en Vickery away !

But, uncle, tho' now Bow-street front you shew,

Resistance from your nephew you shan't know !

No glutton now, a quiet round you'll win—

Shake but your fist at me, (*q*)—I strait give in :

For since I've so misused my darling duck,

Why should Othello now, alas, shew pluck !

Lash me, ye Beelzebubs, with cats that burn !

Roast me, and pepper me at ev'ry turn !

Pour down my gullet quarts of melting lead !

Baste me with boiling oil !—my Desdy's dead !—

Enter Ludovico, Cassio, and Iago, (pinioned.)

Ludovico.

Where is this most unfortunate Othello ?

Othello.

That's I that was myself !

Ludovico.

Bring forth that fellow.—

That your poor wife was guiltless, he's confess'd.

Cassio.

Himself has peach'd ;—so set your mind at rest.

Othello.

Here goes to put an end to all your sport !

(snaps the blunderbuss at him : it burns priming.)

Iago.

I thank you, sir : I'm frighten'd, but not hurt.

Ludovico.

You must come home ;—(*to Othello,*) your stay here we prohibit.

Cassio.

I get your place.

Ludovico.

And, you,—go grace a gibbet!

(*to Iago, led off.*)

SONG—*Othello.* (*Tune: "Tyburn Tree."*)

" A word or two, gentlemen, hence ere I budge :—
I've been good at recruiting :—but that's merely fudge :—
Their wigships at home of my merits can judge,

Which none of you can deny—

(*They join all along in chorus :*

" *Which none of us can deny, &c.*")

When about me you chat, when about me you write,
Don't be over ill-natur'd and horror-struck quite,
Nor those Blackamoor-doings attempt to wash white,
Which never I can deny !—

Of love and not wisdom I've heeded the text ;
Not easily jealous,—extremely perplexed,
I've by cuckoldish devils, been cruelly vexed,
Which none of you can deny !

Those gummy-white tears which my pale cheeks bedew,
Attest how I mourn that I heedlessly threw

To the devil, *my* diamond, like Herod that Jew,
And Desdy there doom'd to die !

With this, tell your masters, I once chanced to see
A Turk at Aleppo most riotous be ;—
He the senate abus'd : a Venetian kick'd he,
Altho' that myself was by :—

The circumcised dog to arrest who'd but strive ?
He swore that he'd die, ere be taken alive,—
And into the river thus bolted to dive,
Which dam'me to stop who'll try ?

*(Here Othello springs out of the window : — a splash
is heard :—the Characters form a group round the
window.) (r)*

Gratiano.

He's gone, though floats his wig !—the Gen'ral's dead ! (s)

Cassio.

With all his imperfections on his head !

(Putting up his fingers as horns.)

Gratiano.

In vain, I find, I after him may look !

Cassio.

'Faith, you may chance to get him,—*with a hook !*

Ludovico.

Tho' his wife's exit in a non-plus threw me,
I thought his phiz look'd wonderfully gloomy !

Gratiano.

Now he'll be boned by some curs'd prowling shark !

Cassio.

He'll have good eyes to bone him in the dark.

Ludovico.

What's here ? (*takes up a paper, and reads.*) " This scroll,
when read, my boys, be burning :—

" Don't quiz my memory by getting *mourning*."

Gratiano.

Poor fellow ! how he's on us turn'd the tables !

Cassio.

I move we ev'ry one buy " suits of *sables* !" —

Gratiano.

Agreed : let's in, that all, for grief, may vie

Who'll soonest give his bottle a *black eye*.

Ludovico.

Crim.-con., surmised, is, when on wives resented,

Never-to-be-sufficiently-lamented !—(*sobbing.*)

Ludovico steps forward.

Learn hence, ye gentlemen declined in years,

For Gretna-marriages no luck appears;—

Of *ridicules* let ladies know no lack,

Nor let the *fair* sex ever wed (*t*) the *black*.

End of the Play.



Notes on the Play

OF

OTHELLO - TRAVESTIE.

THE death of Mr. Malone has deprived the world of one of those commentators on the works of Shakspeare who really served the dramatic world by their exertions, and did not, like the many others who “burnt day-light,” explain what was evident, and leave in their primitive obscurity any passages which required elucidation. For this reason, I have determined to withdraw the notes allotted to him, from those which I had arranged for publication. This has disjointed my plan, and considerably curtailed my comments. Those which I presume to offer are merely “disjecta membra,” and consequently unable to bear the brunt of criticism.

ACT. I.—SCENE I.

(a)—“*a copper.*” In “Doll of Wapping, her rare Device,” a play rich in witticisms, I have met with this word frequently;—see also “Eastward for Sprats,” published by Maister Abel Humme, in Cheapside, Act iv, Scene 2:—
“Nay, sweete-hart, not *a copper*, by my faye, la.”

STEEVENS.

ACT. I. SCENE I. *line 3.*

——“*Death’an’ounds, listen !*” Neither this ejaculation nor “*S’blood,*” is in the elder editions :—JAMES the First, by his celebrated Anti-juramental Act, did away the use of these angry expletives, so much in vogue, owing to Elizabeth’s partiality for swearing :—in a scarce tract entitled “*The Modes of ye Courte,*” by Syr T. Tilburie 1578,” we find that our Virgin Queen once threatened a bishop, “By G——, I’ll immediately unfrock you.”

STEEVENS

The letter was to a bishop of Ely, a see kept vacant for nineteen years by her sacred majesty, in order to retain the revenue :—this prelate had promised to exchange some part of the land belonging to the see, for a pretended equivalent :—the agreement had been nugatory, to the shame of the Bishop’s character be it recorded, were it not that her Majesty forced him to a preservation of his word, by the following emphatic, energetic, and compulsory epistle. “Proud Prelate, I understand you are backward in complying with our agreement : but I would have you know, that I who made you what you are, can unmake you ; and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by God, I will immediately unfrock you. Yours, as you demean yourself, ELIZABETH.”

JOHNSON

(b)—“*cut your stick ?*” In our author’s time, travellers used staves when journeying, purposely to facilitate their progress, the temporary and occasional imposition of the arm on “the stick” relieving the bodily weight generally

borne by the feet. Roderigo therefore means, “Why do you preserve terms of amity with a man, displeasing to you, and eminently obnoxious,—quit the service of the Moor,”—that is, metaphorically, “cut your stick,” take your departure.

JOHNSON.

—“*cut your stick*” means nothing more nor less than “flake him heartily; lay it on him; trounce him.” Doctor Johnson’s interpretation is ingenious, but ingenious only.

THEOBALD.

—“*cut your stick.*” Mr. Theobald’s self-possession on this abstruse point almost makes me regret that our Author lives not “to cut his stick” and use it on a certain Commentator’s back, according to his sapient interpretation. I shall not lose further time on the consideration of the question than merely to quote the following lines from another part of this play, which, if applicable, and there is no doubt of it, should induce Mr. Theobald to “cut his stick” in the true sense, as a Commentator: “*ne sutor.*”—

“*Desdemona and Cassio.*

“*Æmilia.* Ma’am, here’s the General;

“*Cassio.* I’ll *cut my stick*!

“*Desdemona.* Oh stop!”

WARBURTON.

—“*cut my stick.*” I have happily met with a passage in the course of my researches which proves Dr. Johnson’s reading correct. In “*Fayre Julie, her woefull Lament,*” entered in the books of the Stationers’ Company, 24th May 1597, I find the following:—

“ O fare you well, my Darbie true !

Although you dyd me trycke,

I cannot chuse but say ‘ adewe,

Sith you will *cut your stick.*’ ”

STEEVENS.

(c)—“ *my breeches.*” This is a shameful perversion of the text ;—I propose to read,

“ *Brabantio.* ’Tis dark ;—how shall I find ?—

“ *Roderigo.* Find what ?—

“ *Brabantio.* *My—fitchews !*”

That is, Brabantio exclaims, in a perturbed agony of mind, “ In the gloom of night, how shall I find,”—my daughter, he is going to say, when Roderigo interrupts him, recalls the existence of his misery more vividly to his imagination, and forces him to bestow the epithet “*fitchews !*” on his child and seducer.

WARBURTON.

——“ *my breeches.*” The above is a noble emendation, and really equalizes the Commentator with the Bard, if feeling be more estimable, or as much so, as genius. JOHNSON.

——“ *my breeches.*” The above reading is indisputably correct, for “*breeches,*” so called, were not known in our Author’s time. TYRWHITT.

——“ *my breeches.*” Most sapient argument !—such a custom had been decorously commendable in the Court of Queen Elizabeth, that “fair Vestal throned in the west,” who, delicate and politic withal, declared on being besought to marry, that she was “*wedded to her people*” (*sans*

culottes, according to Mr. Tyrwhitt,) and desired no other inscription on her tomb, than — “ Here lyeth Elizabett, who reigned and dyed a virgin.” The expression in *MACBETH*, “ unmannerly *breech’d* with gore,” shews breeches to have been then in fashion. WARBURTON.

——“ *my breeches.*” Although trunk-hose was the legitimate wear in the fifteenth and part of the sixteenth century, yet breeches were also in use, as appears from “ What a foole the cooper is,” a pleasant ballad by Mick Snuggs, a contemporary of our Author. STEEVENS.

ACT II.—SCENE II.

(d)—“ *Oh, ask about!—I’m speechless!*” *Speechless*, i. e. incompetent to utter his words intelligibly;—speechless, evidently from the effects of the gin, and a disinclination to risk exposure by indulging in loquacity. But the Oxford Editor, wholly ignorant of the passage’s meaning, flippantly alters “ *speechless*” to “ *reckless*,” an absurdity most glaring even in that *erudite* Commentator. Gin creates a busy anxiety, not a calm and philosophic temperament, in the drinker. The Oxford Editor is equally unknowing of the excellencies of our Bard and of gin. By the bye, I question if it is not in allusion to the custom observed towards the Helots by the Spartans, intoxicating them, *exempli gratiâ*, that our Author has made Cassio be *muzzed* by Iago, to the astonishment of the good people of Cyprus. WARBURTON.

——“*Oh, ask about! I'm speechless!*” This is an exquisite proof of our Author's intimacy with human nature. The intellect, however partially impaired by the subtle inroads of intoxication, still triumphs in the possession of that innate dexterity, which evades, by a multifariousness of stratagems, a detection in error. Cassio's meaning is simply this:—“I feel myself (*in cute nosco*) too deeply immersed in inebriety, to hazard an exculpation of my fault:—seek, sir, of others less agitated, for a solution of your dubitant surmises:—my feelings overpower me:”—in short,—“ask about,” (a colloquial familiarity of expression in our Author's time,) “I'm speechless.” I am informed that the liquor termed *gin*, an abbreviatory corruption of GENEVA, is still in use amongst the lower orders. Sack was formerly used as a medicine, and vended by Pharmacopolists, as appears from a bottle suspended in the Tower, on which the word SACK is imprinted:—but there is no bottle there to shew that gin was even in usage as a medicinal beverage. JOHNSON.

——“*Oh, ask about!—I'm speechless!* All the exertions of the Reverend Prelate, to attest Shakspeare's knowledge of the classics, are unsuccessful, being more remarkable for enthusiasm than foundation. Shakspeare had no other object in view, by displacing Cassio, than contributing to the furtherance of the success of Iago's plot, when he made the simple Lieutenant as boozy as he himself had ever been, when toasting “*hys sweete ANNE HATHAWAY,*” afterwards Mrs. William Shakspeare. I question if ever he heard of the enslavement of the Helots, so far from enrolling Cassio as one of that *sober* people. There was “no such stuff in his thoughts.” As to his argument of

“*exempli gratiâ*,” how many people do we see daily and comfortably *making examples* of themselves in the same manner?

FARMER.

(e)—“*splice the smash* :”—i. e. mend the matter,—metaphorically, from mending a broken (“*smash’d*”) fishing-rod.

JOHNSON.

(g)—“*carakter*.” A colloquially provincial abbreviation of “character;” in use, I am informed, near BALLTIOURA, a town situated in the recesses of Leinster. The term was doubtlessly transmitted in an epistle to our Bard, by Spenser, resident in Ireland about the time this play was written. Indeed, throughout several scenes, these familiar Hibernicisms prevail, originating in our Author’s correspondence with his friend, then in his compositional advesperation.

JOHNSON.

(f)—“*smash’d*.” *Balltiourice*, as above. SPENSER.

(h)—“*your first sleep*.” The first secession from affectional alertness which she experienced since her arrival in Cyprus. An exquisite touch of nature!

WARBURTON.

—“*your first sleep*.” I lament that the objectionable pruriency of this interpretation should create a discrepancy between the Reverend Commentator’s opinion and my own. The meaning is this:—human sleep is dividable into distinct portions of time:—the first of these is naturally most remedial to the frame:—consequently a disturbance from its balm is the more distressing. Caliban “cried to sleep again,” and with more reason might *Desdemonâ*.

JOHNSON.

(i)—“*Tho’ set your eyes on sticks.*” Fume, till your eyes evade “the other senses,” and seems as “set on sticks,” all will not reinstate you in the Moor’s good graces. Time alone, can effect “this consummation devoutly to be wish’d.”—This scene originally terminated with Othello’s exit with Desdemona. From “Fretting won’t do,” to the word “Vix,” have been left out ever since the first editions; but I like them full well enough to replace them, for which the Dramatic should be exceedingly thankful.

POPE.

——“*Tho’ set your eyes on sticks.*” In the Oxford Editor’s rage for innovation, he deplorably perverts the Author’s meaning, in this passage, peculiarly striking and beautiful. “Anxiety of mind,” says Iago, “can effect nothing good:—be but resolute; tho’ you steep your senses in forgetfulness,” (that is, “put your eyes,” doubtless, your “*mind’s*” eyes, on STRYX, the river of Oblivion), “all’s fudge.”—I have thus placed in the proper point of view the meaning of our Author. But for me, the sense had been irretrievably lost.

WARBURTON.

——“*Tho’ set your eyes.*” The Oxford Editor is assuredly, at times, most cruculent in his obscuratory mis-explanations;—still, however I may admire the ingenuity of Dr. Warburton, I cannot, and with pain I make the avowal, concur with him. He has endeavoured to attach more beauty to the passage than the Author intended it should bear. In fact, but for the sedulous observations of his Commentators, the Bard of Avon had never, perhaps,

attained that pitch of celebrity to which we have furthered his ascent. "*Sticks*," not "*Styx*," as Dr. Warburton classically opines, is the true reading. The phrase is common, and means to fruitlessly torment yourself. I am ignorant of the origin of the expression. JOHNSON.

—" *Tho' set your eyes.*" I think that here and there I perceive Old Ben's hand in the dialogue of this scene. The exclamations against *gin*, and the monosyllable "*Vix*," decide it. As to Mr. Pope's "*eyes set on sticks*," the thought is most contemptible. I have heard of "*cutting off one's nose to vex one's face*," but to set a man's eyes on sticks, is as bad as making a "*chapeau-bras*" of a man's head, as our Author has it in his first act. There is something like Iago's song in Tim Blueskin's "*Twelve Pens for a Tizzie*," 1648, Bladderchopps, Eastcheap.

FARMER.

—" *Tho' set your eyes.*" In "*Syr Woolhanghawn The Whacker*," this expression frequently occurs. Also, in a song in a Collection of Ballads, by Hanns Snuggs, a contemporary of Sir William Davenant, Shakspeare's son by Mrs. Davenant, edited 1605, the following verse may throw a light on this passage,—viz :—

" Blythe Maister Dowdille."

" Dowdille he deftly smiled,
And Dowdille he mee beguiled,—
His eyes, *set on sticks*, were wild,
Till Dowdille gat mee wyth childe,—
Ho Jeroe! Dowdille!
Sweete badde lucke toe ye, Dowdille!"

STEEVENS.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

(k)—“ *smithereens* ;”—quere, *shivereens* ? THEOBALD.

——“ *smithereens* ;”—diminutive of “ *smither*” to “ *smash*.”

JOHNSON.

——“ *smithereens*.” I am inclined to read “ *smithereens*,” although that “ *shivereens*” is plausible ;—“ *smither*” is the original verb of Irish extraction, and signifies “ to demolish,” to break into atoms. That Shakspeare was a lover of Ireland appears from his introduction of Captain M'Morris, in one of the Henrys, a very ably drawn character, dialect out of the question, so far as it goes. Besides, as an ingenious friend remarks, our Poet's admiration of the Hibernian Isle is shewn in his making Hamlet, to the exclusion of his country's Saints, swear, on a solemn occasion, by St. Patrick !—this, to be sure, and I know it will be the cause of disputes, is a sorry proof of his love for Denmark : but we should recollect Hamlet's feelings were absorbed in the consideration of revenging his father's murder. WARBURTON.

——“ *smithereens*.” I have strong reason to believe that (in support of the foregoing) Shakspeare paid a visit to his friend *Spenser*, who lived in King Street, Dublin, in the Essex administration. This satisfies me that “ *Othello*” was not one of our Author's latest works ;—had he written it on his return from Ireland, and return he did, so sure as he went, and of which there is no doubt, Q—E—D., he would have given to that land the

palm in toping, and not have made Iago say that in England they are most potent in **POTTING**.” STEEVENS.

——“ *smithereens*.” We say “to pott;” a culinary process, adopted sometimes in regard to the fish denominated “Halec.” Here it means, however, “pott,” signifying to drink. I have observed, throughout this play, the word “corn” is used in an almost similar sense. “To pott” and “to corn” therefore are synonymous with “to inebriate” and “to pickle.” JOHNSON.

(1)——“ I’ll not be jealous, tho’ my wife *loves clack*,
“ Sings a good song, and married me, tho’ black !”

The above expression proves that taciturnity in a female was a glorious equality in our Author’s contemplation. Among the various suspicious traits for which the fair sex are remarkable, and which distract marital feelings, is that of “*loving clack*.” JOHNSON.

——“ *clack*.” In corroboration of the above able observation, see what Lear says, in an interval of reason ;—

——“ Her voice was ever soft,
“ *Gentle and low* ; AN EXCELLENT THING IN WOMAN.”

WARBURTON.

——“ *clack*.” Perhaps our Author had the sign of “The Good Woman” in Holborn, of decapitated fame, in his “mind’s eye” when penning this passage. POPE.

——“ *clack*.” Mr. Pope’s surmise is wrong. The picture of the Good Woman was painted originally as recording Charles the First’s beheading,--and a female costume sub-

stituted for the garb of the other sex at the Restoration. Of course the anachronism proves Mr. Pope's surmise fallacious. The painter's name is still fresh—"Paynted by Syr Tymothy Eazel, by Our good Lorde Protector, hys order, 1649." REYNOLDS.

—"clack." *Decollated*, Mr. Pope might have said, for there is not the width of a barley-corn, of the "Good Woman," above the level of her shoulders. FARMER.

—"clack." The exertions of a much-esteemed friend, a *black-letter* man, in every sense of the word, have fortunately put me in possession of a document which I shall presently lay before the admirers of our Bard. It purports to be, and I declare I have every reason to stake my character on its authenticity, a letter written by ALLEN, the actor, to a friend in London, when on a visit with our Poet, at Stratford, when retired from the busy scenes of life, and enjoying the "dignitas" and laurelled "otium," which had been awarded to him, by his country's and sovereign's remuneration. "Ære perennius," his works shall live after him; "semper honos, nomenque suum manebunt." Every little circumstance which we can collect relative to our Poet's private habits, must be interesting; what shall we say, then, to having discovered the natural bent of his *wife's* disposition! It has always struck me with surprise that so little importance is attached to the wives of great characters;—I question if any man, aye, or woman, cares aught about Mrs. Milton,—and I could not but blush, while admiring the monument erected to our Bard at Stratford, when told that I was standing on

the grave of Mrs. Shakspeare. I grasped the sexton's hand, and felt as if "John-a-Coombe" had stirred and chid me, though centuries almost have passed since John was "green in earth." But to return. The following letter will shew that Mrs. Shakspeare was of a disposition calm and placid, neither addicted to giving way, on light occasions, to either the feelings of joy or of grief. The particulars noticed in the following documents, though trivial, perhaps, in the view of "the multitude," are such as must have caused Mrs. Shakspeare to give vent to her jocular or reproving spirit, had it been of either cast. Doctor Johnson's observation, that "taciturnity in a female was a glorious quality in our Author's contemplation," is fully proved in this letter of ALLEN. I regret that his signature has been considerably impaired, as I had found reason to hope, that, should I have been so fortunate as to have met it perfect, I should have been enabled to make a successful enquiry into the dates of the Globe Theatre Accounts; particularly an item of "candles expended in the acting of Cæsar's tragedy, first used by the boys of Powle's":—from this it would appear that, to his office of Property-man, ALLEN added that of "*Candle-snuffer*."

The following are those letters, or rather extracts from them, which I have decyphered with much though gratifying labour.

From ALLEN, to Maister Quint. . . vyson . . (cetera desunt.)

—"and by the iv howre of the clocke, we fyrst saw our shadowes in the pleasant AVON, that silver streame that by the towne doth flow. * * * * * in truth, we had rare doinges toward. Our sweete WILLIE (*Shak-*

speare) joyced at frend Burbage hys sporte, when “*Leaw Jack*” (*Lowin*) walkt theare lingrenly. “*By’r lady*,” sayde he, “our sonne is fat, and scante of breath,” as our Maister hath wrote in *Hamblet Hys Revenge*.” He made our teares agayne gushe out, and our voyces horce, at hys wondrous myrth with WILLIE’S young kinsman, Maister HART; sayde he, — “there be many a fayre mayden, I trowe, that would geve a *hart* for such a HART. Mylde Mistres Shakspeare seemit merry thereat, but *spoke never a word*; but on her, our sweete WILLIE smole. (*smiled.*) * * * * *

* * whych, being auncient, I gan shever with dred, and lightly bestryding the gate, lœ they tare sodaynlie, and eke with a cruell noyse. I got whyte as mylke, how els, for the gyrlis were ne blynde. I greeved sore at my yll hap, but WILLIE made me a gyfte of a comelie payre;—a thousand thankes & more dyd I geve WILLIE for his garmentes; but hys wyfe *sayde never a worde!* * * * Nowe these are doinges, deere Syr, beset with mischeefe, but I aunswere “*Breeches-wear Is ruthfull geer.* * * * ” STEEVENS.

ACT III.—SCENE II.

(*m*)—“*tooth-aitch.*” The folio has “*ache*,” the quarto “*aitch.*” As the *reporters*, in fact, of our Author’s plays, were somewhat illiterate, they wrote the word according to the pronounciation, which undoubtedly was “*aitch.*” Perhaps the mis-spelling is justifiable.

STEEVENS.

——“*aitch.*” Nonsense;—“*stomatch-aitches!*” FARMER.

——“*aitch*.” In the “*Tempest*,” Prospero’s menace to the inchoate offspring of Sycorax justifies this pronunciation.

“I’ll fill thy bones with aches, rack thy joints.”

——“*aches*,” unless pronounced “*aitches*,” dissyllably, and not “*akes*,” lops the line of a foot, “*hiatus maxime deflendus*.”

JOHNSON.

——“*aitch*.” Mr. Theobald’s assumption, that “*aitch*” is “nonsense,” is worthy of his profound taste and information. His *correction* is corrupt. That “*aitch*” is the only pronunciation meriting adoption, is shewn by the exclamation of SCARUS, in “*Anthony and Cleopatra*,” Act iv, Scene 7.

“I had a wound here that was like a T,—

“But now ’tis made an H!”

Here is an obvious play on the word “*aitch*” or “*ache*,” or “*ake*,” for which custom our Bard was so noted.—Look at the annexed sketch. “I had a wound here that



was like a T;”—i. e. the cut forming that letter, from O to E, and the line to which O E is perpendicular, extending from D to C.—So the T wound is plain. “But now,” says SCARUS, “’tis made an H,” i. e. the line B O A, parallel with D E C, thus completing the H. The mean-

ing then is, that SCARUS says, with a gallant petulance, in substance, “my first wound (O E and D E C) was nothing; but the last cut (B O A) has pained me,” that is, “made it an H” or *aitch*. So much for Mr. Theobald’s “nonsense.” The first wound, forming two right angles, might have been inflicted by some out-work or tool of entrenchment.

WARBURTON.

——“*aitches*.” In “The Widow’s Tears,” a comedy, by Chapman, 1612, there are the following lines, which bear on this word:—“As many *aches* in his bones, as there are *ouches* in his skin.” Now, unless the word “*aches*” be pronounced “*aitches*,” as a dissyllable, the play on the sound corresponding to “*ouches*” (which otherwise should be pronounced “*oaks*”) would be lost. See the note, in Henry IV. Part ii. on the line of Falstaff, “Your brooches, pearls, and owches.”

REMARKS.

ACT. III. SCENE IV.

(n)—“*sopha-bed the hussy shut*.” This has become a common mode of extermination; children are frequently folded up accidentally and otherwise now-a-days.

WARBURTON.

(o)—“*Come post, and you’ll be home to sup*.” I have no doubt but that the entire method of intimating to the Moor, the Senate’s mandate for his return, using the most colloquial terms on the most serious occasions, so as to please the offending party when under actual blame, is intended as a compliment to the management of the Court to ESSEX, when persevering in error in Ireland,

and yet leniently treated by his adversaries, doubtless through policy. Indeed I question if, to this unfortunate Earl's residence in Ireland, is not attributable that unhappy change of temper which afterwards wrought his ruin: we may judge of the gentle style of writing in usage amongst the Hibernian Nobility of those days, by the following document. It is a Letter from Florence Mac Cartie, to the White Knight; (see Stafford's *Pacata Hibernia*, pp. 293.) —“Damnation, I cannot but commend me heartily unto you, as bad as thou art, and doe most heartily commend me to your wife and your two sonnes, &c. &c. &c. In the mean time I leave you to God, Paillace, this seven and twentieth of August, 1600: Your assured loving friend, FLORENCE MAC CARTIE.”

WARBURTON.

ACT III. SCENE LAST.

(p)—“*Enter Othello, in night-gown, with a wax-taper.*”—

I am positive that Shakspeare had this figure, solemn and horrific as it necessarily is, suggested to him by Sautel's Epigram on the Devil holding the candle to St. Dominick.

“Dum tulit ardentem Phlegetontius histrio ceram,
Tunc, certe, aut numquam, *Lucifer* ille fuit.”

WARBURTON.

—“*Enter Othello,*” &c. The above has been instanced for the mere purpose of indulging the Commentator in passing off a joke, or Latin pun. Shakspeare “had no such stuff in his thoughts.”

FARMER.

(q)—“*Shake but your fist at me.*” In the quarto it was, “man but a rush at me;”—this I corrected to “rush but a man at me,” but I find “shake but your fist” is the more correct reading.

STEEVENS.

——“*Shake but your fist.*” I incline to believe that “man but a rush” is correct, and I am positive our Poet was indebted for the thought, to “T. Purfoote’s Battell of the Frogges and Myce, and certain orations of Isocrates, entered at Stationers’ Hall, the 4th January, 1579:”—in which the frog HYPHOBOS runs LICHENOR through with a rush. The expression “rush but a man” is commonplace: besides, we have it in Lear, “Arm it in rags, a pigmy’s straw (*rush*) doth pierce it.” Ben Jonson could have read it to Shakspeare in the original.

WARBURTON.

——“*Shake but your fist.*” Dr. Warburton, as usual, has made a powerful exertion to prove how extended was our Bard’s classical knowledge; but with his usual ill-success. “Man but a rush” is synonymous with “puff at me and I’m settled,” like a child’s house of cards. I incline to “Shake but my fist,” for I am weary of these altercations.

FARMER.

(r)—“Tum demum præceps saltu sese omnibus armis

In fluvium dedit:—ille, suo gurgite flavo,

Acceptit venientem—

Æneidos, Lib. ix.

“ With that, he bolted, wig and all,
 Into the river yellow,
 Which circled round, in joy not small,
 The poor be-devill'd fellow !”

(s)—“ *He's gone ! though floats his wig, — the General's dead !*” There is a degree of pathos in this expression which has always caused in me a sensation of unfeigned and unconquerable sorrow. Gratiano, the uncle of Desdemona, appears to pity and bewail the demise of the hapless Othello, so sensibly, as almost to forget that his niece has just died, in a state of sanity, the death of a Bedlamite ! He watches, with anxious solicitude, for the General's emergence ; but, seeing the wig alone buoyant, breaks into the feeling remark—“ The General's dead ! ” —I own I am happy to have completed my revisal of this scene. It is affecting to misery itself. JOHNSON.

(t)—“ *ever wed the black.*” If the Actors represented the parts in this play, in the order in which they refer to their names, our Bard enacted Gratiano. It is a character fraught with that dignified mildness which peculiarly marked Shakspeare. On this subject, I cannot avoid noticing the obstinacy of the female who shews the house and its several rooms, in which our Poet was born, at Stratford. I will even forgive her shewing me a rusty sword with which she insists Shakspeare played the Witch, as she calls it, in Hamlet, or the Ghost, she's not certain ; —but she has dared to insist that a little sylph-like figure in a picture-frame of 5 inches by 3, clothed in a court-dress,

I think, is a painting of our Author, in, to my horror be it written,—Ariel !!!—I have reasoned with her on the subject, but all in vain ; I have laid traps to find whether she calls it any other character, but all in vain ; *Ariel* it is, and *Ariel* it must be. The town-officers of Stratford should look to this. It is worse than Gastrell's pulling down Shakspeare's house, and burning his mulberry-tree ! All that I could do, I did, to make this wretched woman see through her error, but in vain ; I might as well have preached to one of the sirloins of beef, *proh pudor* ! for sale in the very house where our immortal Bard was born. I leave it to those who are fated to work unforeseen changes, to argue this obstinate female into reason : I am wearied with the task. It is the stone of Sisyphus.

STEEVENS.

End of the Notes.

A SONET;*

AN ENSI NE TU HIS LEDE.

1

An aut do es alo ver a vale
De clare in his torturæ an pane !
De re MARY, alis tua tale
E re ago stat ure præsens has lanæ !

2

Ure ante cano te ver detectus ;—
Totius, hircus in i dare !
Sum cum redes aræ seu re tu protectus ;—
Ah hastæ, an dele notæ, de re fare !—

3

In a trans portæ tu se i figo,
Re flecte ;—i me ne re seu moræ ;
Bimi sole, i se, sum teres me flo,
Alo ver tu late tu re sto re.

* This, together with the subsequent prose, composition, was suggested to me by a perusal of Swift's Consultation of Physicians and Love-verses, in a similar style.

4

Atlas time soræ sic, i labor de;—

An di do es ures lite de re HEU;

I si, bimi hootes, bimi sorde;—

“ *Putato es an MARI a diu !* ”

5

Forti Majores fur MARI me si;—

(A scilicet, i mus telu ;)

An Ensi ne, de re MARI, as i,

A do res, e veri instant, anu.

HEU MILES.

AH! TRANCE LAY SHONE.

A SONNET;

AN ENSIGN TO HIS LADY.

1

Ah! nought does a lover avail
Declaring his torture and pain!
Dear Mary, ah! list to a tale,
Ere a ghost at your presence has lain!

2

Your aunt cannot ever detect us;—
To tie us, her cousin I dare!
Some comrades are sure to protect us;—
Ah, haste, and delay not, dear fair!

3

In a transport to sea if I go,
Reflect;—I may ne'er see you more;
By my soul, I say, some tears may flow,
A lover too late to restore.

4

At last, I'm sore sick, ill aboard ;—
And die does your slighted dear Hugh ;
I sigh, by my boots, by my sword ;—
“ *Potatoes and Mary adieu !* ”

5

Forty Majors for Mary may sigh ;—
(A silly set, I must tell you ;)
An Ensign, dear Mary, as I,
Adores, ev'ry instant, anew.

HUGH MILLS.

BONA PARTES VI SIT TU HIS ERE.*

(BY IBEF.)

(*Bona parte, a Doctor, an an Ursæ.*)

Bona parte. Mei no, præ, is mi de re Babæ sic, orno?

An Ursæ. His imperiale hei nes has a pane in his puræ
de re imperiale belli!

Doctor. His imperiale hei nes has bene sic; agri pes usu
alto anni babæ, at his time.

Bona parte. Doctor, in casæ he dies, udi, an e veri o ne
here dies.

An Ursæ. O mei ne ver se his imperiale hei nes di!—

Doctor. O me his imperiale hei nes o ut do Me thus alce
me!—

* The "King of the Romans" was severely afflicted by the colic, soon after his birth; his affectionate father's anxiety originated the above conversation. The feeling expressed by him proves that his Majesty, the little King of the Romans, (the same title, by the bye, is now justly applied to a famed Catholic Champion, of *imperial* stature, Major Bryan, of Dublin,) was in a state nearly equal to that which could have alone suggested the following epigrammatic impromptu on the report of the little Emperor having most expeditiously left this sublunary world, almost, indeed, as soon as he came into it.

"Soon as the *royal* baby came to light,
He saw his father, and he died of fright!"

Bona parte. Do es he spe ac?

An Ursæ. A no!—acri, ortu, alo ne has de lite de me.

Bona parte. Has he longæ ed fora sorde ora cano nat anni time?

An Ursæ. A no!—apis tolle has notæ bene menti o ne di de clare.

Bona parte. Do es his imperiale hei nes eat?

An Ursæ. Nono:—marcus:—se his imperiale hei nes at ab restit is imperiale avi de te!

Bona parte. Has mi babæ annos as longas mi ne?—

Doctor. In time.

An Ursæ. Præ, mei pulli te moræ, Doctor, tu ad tu his nos es scies? (*as i de.*)

Doctor. Si lens.—(*as i de.*)

Bona parte. Do es his imperiale hei nes fretas tu a faris os pane?

An Ursæ. No:—MASSENA has notæ bene murmured;—his imperiale hei nes lis pes “AC OB ET!” as a par et si de “CRUS O!” (Here his imperiale hei nes nes es.)

Bona parte. O mi! O mi!—ringe a bellat No ter Damuæ, an alarum my siti!!!—

An Ursæ. A bibis neces arae: his imperiale hei nes aut tu o ne a bibi se.

Doctor. His imperiale hei nes aut notos labor.

Bona parte. O no;—bino me nes;—do es his imperiale hei nes no re as anni commune babæ?—api ne a pellis ad mira belli here, tu eas his sto macto qui et nes.

An Ursæ. Anni moræ questiones, præ? (*in ebrietate de.*)

Bona parte. Cursu, uret ipse!

An Ursæ. Alibi mi virgini te!—

Bona parte. An ursis e ver in solent!—

An Ursæ. Alia genæ. (*moræ in ebrie te de.*)

Bona parte. I figo, an in ire, ure ad ed subjecte!

An Ursæ. I fugo, "an in ire," heris ad ed imperiale babæ;—it is veri fine, mi te fine!—damnæ e veri imperiale cur, I se; ab as tarde, tu!—

Bona parte. Alibi mi sole!—uno itis alii se!—is it notæ, Doctor?—

Doctor. As falsas helice, an declare!

An Ursæ. It is a facti se;—AMA ME LUCIS his si re;—tu pes aræ notæ moræ ac in!

[Here *Bona parte* nox "an Ursæ," an "a Doctor" o ut o do res,—sum ens a gardina furi, ses, "*attende tu his imperiale heimes!*"—an vanis his in a passio ne!!!]

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